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Res Gestae

STUDENT NEWSPAPER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LAW SCHOOL

April 1, 2010

Since 1950

Vol. 60 No. 6

SFF Auction 2010

It's a Party in 100 HH



For more on this year's SFF auction, see pages 2, 8, and 9.

Charlie Quigg

UMLS IP Moot Court Duo Headed to Nationals

By Amy Stein

It's the time of year you've been waiting for: finally the opportunity has come to overanalyze team rankings, watch gut-wrenchingly close competitions, and flaunt adamant loyalty for a team you've never even heard of. Except this time, you've heard of the number one seed. (Get March Madness off your minds already—I'm talking about moot court here.)

Congratulations are due to 3L Barry Luong and 2L Grace Wang, who won the Midwestern Regional competition of the AIPLA's Giles S. Rich Memorial Moot Court Competition, which was held in Chicago over the weekend of March 19-21. As a result, they will be advancing to the National Finals Competition in three weeks, which will be held at the Court of Appeals for the Federal Circuit in Washington D.C.

The case involved an appeal from a patent infringement suit regarding the validity of a patent. Participants had to argue about the statutory elements of obviousness and enablement. Rather than look up the statutory language on LexisNexis or Westlaw, I'm trusting Grace Wang's expertise. She tells me that obviousness refers to whether or not an invention may be "historically dubbed 'inventive'—it has to be not obvious to a person having

ordinary skill in the art to combine prior art references to come up with this invention." Enablement on the other hand, pertains to the requirement "where an inventor has to provide an 'enabling disclosure' sufficient [enough so] that a person having ordinary skill in the art would be able to make the invention."

Over the course of the competition, the Michigan team had to argue both sides

See IP MOOT, page 14



Res Gestae

Vol 60, No. 6

University of Michigan Law School

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Brief Interviews with SFF Celebs

By Rooks

Yeah, yeah, the legal market's crap. We all know that. Thankfully, if the most recent SFF auction is any indication, neither rain nor sleet nor complete economic meltdown can deter MLaw's generosity; this year's auction raised a whopping \$66,000. Despite the fact that the SFF board's work is nowhere near done, as they still have the time-consuming task of handing out all that filthy lucre, the RG managed to snag time with Jesse Taylor, SFF co-chair, to get answers to all the questions you wanted to ask, but didn't feel like sending to LawOpen.

Rooks: *Ok, dish: which item went for the most?*

Jesse Taylor: The Woodbury Gardens apartment went for \$13,500. The next biggest items were the Hawaii trip, the Rick's nights and the Zingerman's trip.

R: *Oh, I'll come back to Rick's, though not with you. In the mean time, do you think SFF was well attended this year?*

JT: Very well attended – we don't have firm attendance numbers, but HH 100 and the hallways were packed almost the entire night. And if food and drink consumption is any clue, it was remarkably well attended.

R: *I have to ask - did the economy have as much of an adverse affect as you were expecting?*

JT: It did in the sense that we prepared as hard for this year as we have for anything we've probably ever done – we did well because we were so prepared to do poorly.

R: *There was definitely an emphasis on more electronic/viral modes of advertising this year (i.e. the Facebook messages) - do you think it had a positive impact? Is that something you're looking to continue into the future? Can we look forward to an SFF Twitter stream? SFF Chat Roulette? SFF day on Google?*

JT: We came up with the idea as a committee. Again, it gets back to the preparation aspect – as the auction grows, it requires more and more planning, both on our end as a board and on the part of bidders. If you want something to go for

\$1000, you have to respect the fact that people aren't just made of money, and have to plan short and even long-term for spending that much money. Except for that one IL who actually is made of money. He's so popular.

For next year, anything's open. Hopefully by then we'll finally have holograms. Or jet cars. Or jet cargrams that drop off jet messages at jet speed with jet excitement.

R: *So, what happens now? (People tend to be curious about the process, bless them, and I honestly have no idea.)*

JT: We compile that money with the other money we've earned over the course of the year, and make determinations about how many grants we give out. People are notified, and they either accept or decline if they're awarded a grant. We will also have a waitlist, and as money frees up, people are taken off the waitlist and awarded grants.

R: *Anything else I should know? I haven't done an interview in ages.*

JT: We'd like to thank everyone involved in planning the Auction, as well as the administration, all of the Deans, our Auctioneers, and everyone who appeared in the video. We'd also like to thank everyone who donated to SFF this year in any capacity, and those who came to the Auction, whether or not they bid. Last but not least, the volunteers for the evening did a great job making an incredibly complex process run smoothly, and deserve everyone's appreciation.

The success of SFF depends a great deal on the generosity of the law school community, and the response in these difficult economic times has been nothing short of phenomenal.

So, about that much hyped Showdown at the Rick's American Cafe - Jane Feddes '09, who snapped up Dean Zearfoss like a stuffed animal in a bowling ally claw machine for the low, low price of \$1900, wouldn't tell us if Facebook pictures would be forthcoming, but she did have this to say when we asked if she had any buyer's remorse:

See SFF, page 7



This Is Water

9 to 5? What a Way to Make a Livin'

By Dave Heal

Sometime in the spring of 2007, just before I decided to enroll at Michigan, I read about "Building a Better Legal Profession," a new group composed of Stanford Law students devoted to, well, doing that thing in their name. What a great idea, I thought; who doesn't want better things? Similar bursts of creative thinking did wonders for the mousetrap! So these folks proceeded to put together a much-ballyhooed report cataloguing the mostly self-evident evils of BigLaw and otherwise communicating their earnest desire for more work/life balance and co-workers with varied skin color. And while many of their goals are laudable, if you read the manifestos they've sprinkled around the web it becomes quite clear that these students are engaged in what has to be called, only slightly uncharitably, a T-20 circle jerk. Essentially, they want the option of doing less work for less money and they want this opportunity at the country's most prestigious firms (manifesto #1 was sent to the AmLaw 100) even though they claim that "[i]t's not about finding the most prestigious place with the highest salary." It would be a stretch of only the physical sciences to say that the sense of entitlement oozes out of these papers.

Of course, now that we're all cattle-class passengers on the silver gleaming death machine known as the Law School Graduating Classes of 2010-2012 (aka Those Students Considerably Less Idiotic but More Hopelessly Screwed Than the Class of 2013), it's tough to say precisely what the intrepid students of BBLP hath wrought. They barely had any chance at all to work their magic before the bottom of the legal market fell out and the door of opportunity flew out the window. That's right, the door flew out the window; that's how bad things are out there. Continue to imagine, if you will indulge the onslaught of metaphors, the atmosphere on this plane. The engines have stalled, the nose is pitched sharply downward, and an unrepentant Kevin Smith is hurtling past the bulkhead as a human projectile, endangering the lives of countless passengers. Which is to say, the

current environment is such that it doesn't seem likely that law students are going to be particularly receptive to the idea that they have any market power at all, let alone the ability to wield it for the benefit of the rest of the profession.

And yet, just last spring, students at such "premier law schools" as Yale, Harvard, Stanford and Columbia (quoting a National Lawyer piece on the group) gathered en masse (50 people total, actually) at the BBLP's hilariously named "National Conference of Student Leaders" to talk about the so-called movement. While the group's goals ostensibly include increased diversity and the desire for a positively robust pro bono program, the main rallying cry is about work/life balance. In late 2007, the BBLP blog published the results of a survey claiming that summer associates were willing to take less money for fewer hours. "Firms, take note," they said, with no small measure of confidence that somebody was listening. And sure, this was a few months before the start of the massive BigLaw layoffs in early 2008, so a certain small amount of the solipsism here is forgivable. Sometimes it can be difficult to realize how good you have things.

But this idea that law students and new associates are going to drive any of the much-needed change in BigLaw culture is absurd. This complete detachment from the realities of the working world is a symptom of the total lack of work experience among law students. One of the many reasons you don't see a comparable group of Business School students threatening to march on Goldman Sachs is that they found out from time spent working that you usually can't have your cake and eat it too. If you want to do interesting work and leave at 5pm, you're going to have to poke around a bit to find that job, and it's not going to be with an AmLaw 100 firm as a first-year associate.

Happily, these magical bastions of work/life balance and lower starting salary already exist. They're the smaller firms in smaller cities with less demanding clients. Or they're in any number of other industries that don't involve having clients

at all. Newsflash, folks: you're in the service industry! If Goldman Sachs wants that prospectus combed over for the 15th time, you (or some other overpaid associate) are going to do it, because Goldman is paying a lot of money for the privilege of telling you what to do.

Now, the billable hour is undoubtedly a hideous way to do business. But its death is going to be brought about by clients that demand an end to astronomical bills for the half-awake efforts of an army of entitled know-nothings. Or maybe firms are going to realize that the billable hour creates terrible incentives for their own employees. But the billable hour is not going to go away on the strength of arguments about the inhumane treatment of associates. And until firms are no longer constrained by the huge per-employee overhead costs, they're going to be completely unwilling to even countenance the idea of hiring 1.5 times as many people to do the same amount of work. Your fantasies of working from home and shoveling fistfuls of Count Chocula into your mouth while you complete exactly 8 hours of due diligence are going to have to wait a while longer.

I applaud the efforts of the BBLP to collect and provide information that was previously hidden away on NALP's byzantine website. And I think that students should certainly consider diversity and a firm's demonstrated commitment to pro bono service when deciding where to go work after law school. But let's not kid ourselves about the differences between most of the top firms. There are certainly exceptions, but most of the firms are functionally indistinguishable, and they're only going to change in the ways the BBLP wants when both parties' interests align. And so long as big firms continue to want to make large amounts of money by doing large amounts of work, a lot of that work is going to get done by recent graduates. If law students want to love their job and love it exclusively between 9am and 5pm, they need to look outside BigLaw for that experience.

Loathe the billable hours? Email rg@umich.edu.



The Beer Guy

California Dreamin' – Summer On The West Coast

By Joe Wang

Michigan sends its students and graduates to virtually every jurisdiction in the country, and our recent Food and The Law Mini-Seminar readings have been pushing us to eat and drink more locally. To that end, The Beer Guy would like to inaugurate a new series aimed at exploring the local beers and drinking habits in a few of the most popular summer job destinations. Some of these will be published exclusively on the *Res Gestae* website, and indeed all of them will end up there, so please comment and add your expertise if you happen to have local knowledge of the jurisdiction.

So let's begin with the West Coast. Allow me to express my disapproval and paradoxical envy of those you who are summering in California, Oregon, and Washington. Secondly, to the ire of those from Portland and Seattle, I'm going to lump the entire West Coast into this column. Note: most of these beers are summery, so while some aren't great for drinking right now, they will be soon.

Lagunitas Pils (Lagunitas, CA)

The first thing you notice about this beer is an odd hint of strawberries, which was nice, but tough to drink in January when I tried it. This is a really light and crisp pilsner lager with a good clean finish, decent hop astringency, and a refreshing bitterness. **Lagunitas** also makes a few heavier beers, but their pilsner is perfectly suited to a Southern California evening after work. Drinkable without being watery, this is a great session beer. As a plus, this one's available at Ashley's.

Sierra Nevada Pale Ale (Chico, CA)

Sierra Nevada was one of the first California craft beers to cross the Rockies into middle America, and this **Pale Ale** is a great example of why. It's beautifully balanced, with flavors of pine and grapefruit citrus backed up with intense roasted grain depth and a hint of malt sweetness. **Sierra Nevada** has become a little obnoxious of late by aggressively pushing the freshness of its hops (see, e.g., **Harvest Ale**, **Bigfoot**

Barleywine, **Anniversary Ale**), but its core brews remain strong nonetheless, and their followers remain loyally thirsty for more.

Stone Ruination (Escondido, CA)

Most craft breweries fall into one of two categories: classical or badass. And for every traditionally-minded **Sierra Nevada**, there's a rebellious Stone who can't wait to subvert the general paradigm of beers. (Bloodfeuders, this would be the various generations of the Skallagrimsson family.) **Ruination** is so named because it will ruin your tastebuds for future beers: its aggressive hops and singular focus on IBUs (international bitterness units) makes this beer a one-and-done for most (like a J.J. White class). It's hoppier than I want a beer to be, and I find the underlying flavor quite thin. Perhaps more to my liking is the **Arrogant Bastard**, which has a little more of a malt backbone to round out the pinecone assault. Stone tends to feature beers with elevated alcohol contents, so while this is a great beer for enjoying on an evening bender after work, I'd stay away from it during the firm outing.

Rogue Chocolate Stout (Ashland, OR)

From the coasts of Oregon comes **Rogue**, a brewery steeped in the Pacific Northwest. This is one of my favorite offerings from **Rogue**—it's dark and creamy, with strong chocolate flavors that go beyond the straight dark chocolate tints that most stouts have in spades. It's dry, which is a plus when comparing this to other chocolate stouts, and that makes it truly exceptional in my book. It might, at first glance, seem a bit too heavy for a summer beer—it's not.

Alaskan Summer (Juneau, AK)

Alaskan Brewing ships its beers as far south as Los Angeles, though its specialty beers don't tend to get nearly as far as its flagship **Amber**. The **Amber** is OK—it's hoppy and tawny, with a full mouthfeel (a little aggressive on the carbonation) with a low and easy bitterness. I prefer the **Summer**, which has a little more citrus and hop sourness, a stronger bitterness, and a lighter and more easy-drinking mouthfeel.

Full Sail IPA (Hood River, OR)

Out of Hood River County comes **Full Sail Brewing**, which led the Craft Brewing tradition in Oregon. **Full Sail IPA**, a multiple gold-medal winner at the World Beer Championships, is a very enjoyable IPA that doesn't—unlike many American IPAs—attempt to beat you about the face with the flavor of pine resin. Instead of pulling too much malt sweetness into the mix, the layers in this beer are very clean and multifaceted.

Pyramid Hefeweizen (Seattle, WA)

Don't bother. Soft mouthfeel, weak lemon tang, low carbonation. The curiously craft-beer version of **Wonderbread**.

Moonlight Death & Taxes (Santa Rosa, CA)

This is a schwartzbier, which should have a lower alcohol content and wonderful burnt caramel flavors with less body than porters or stouts. **Death & Taxes** is delicious—it's got deep coffee, bitter cocoa, and caramel layers, and yet it's phenomenally smooth and easy to drink in a way that is wonderfully satisfying on a cold day. Found this one on tap in San Francisco, as owner, sole proprietor, and sole company employee finds the bottling of beer to be "cruel to the beer." (See "Sonoma County Brew Master Produces Beers With Attitude," S.F. CHRON, Jan 10, 2003).

Anchor Steam (San Francisco, CA)

Anchor is the go-to beer for many of my Californian friends. They love that it's now widely available across the country and that **Anchor Steam**, in particular, calls them back to their Californian roots as a truly Californian brewing style. **Anchor Steam** is a wonderfully tart and refreshing summer beer. **Anchor** also makes a specifically **Summer** beer, which is lousy. I originally thought I'd bought a dud—it was very sour and unpleasantly fungal. The second beer was much the same. In darker and colder climates, **Anchor Porter** is a wonderfully complex and malty mouthful.

Tell Joe which summer beer goes best with "Surfin' U.S.A." - email rg@umich.edu.



Save Yourself

Rock and Roll All Night, Party... When Possible

By Carla Lee

Not to be a lazy and too terribly cliché (too late, I can actually hear my editors cursing me as I type this), but as they say, music tames the savage beast, and I've been feeling the need for some musical taming lately. Law school may be almost over for me, but I struggle every day not to lose myself in it. That's part of why I write *Save Yourself*, to remind myself there's more to the world than any one thing, no matter how important that one thing might be.

Recently, I set out to remember how much I loved music before I came to law school. I grew up in a family of musicians, guitarists and singers and percussionists and pianists, but when I moved to Michigan, I put away my instruments for more academic pursuits. Getting them out again is bittersweet; I love the sound—once I tuned everything

at least—but I've forgotten so much of what I knew before. Songs that were once deep in muscle memory are now lost to my wandering fingers.

Luckily for me, there are plenty of ways to enjoy music in the area.

For those who didn't come prepared and want to buy an instrument, I have three store recommendations for you, and one anti-recommendation.

Music Go Round

2791 Oak Valley Drive, Ann Arbor
734.662.1080

www.musicgoroundannarbor.com

A small store without the wide selection of a bigger chain (and an awkward, wordy URL), Music Go Round is one of the places recommended to me most frequently when I ask locals for music stores. Their staff is

friendly and always incredibly helpful. They sell used equipment as well as new, and that can be a cheaper alternative for a beginner. Individual lessons and equipment repair also available.

Oz's Music

1920 Packard Street, Ann Arbor
734.662.8283

www.ozmusic.com

Oz's Music sometimes has a better selection than Music Go Round, but though the staff is generally very nice, they can be a little over zealous when it comes to the hard sell. They really know their stuff, though, and are more than willing to share that knowledge with you. They offer all sorts of music lessons, including recording, sequencing, and music theory, and they do instrument repairs.

See **SAVE YOURSELF**, page 15

UNLEASH YOUR INNER GOSSIP GIRL

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OVERHEARD IN THE LAW SCHOOL

Overheard in the Law School is a place where you can read on the legal system. It's a place where I followed I talk. Check back here regularly to find out what's new, what's scandalous, and what's just plain stupid. At least according to anonymous, unverifiable sources. Have you overheard something you want us to publish? Inquiring minds want to know! Email us at overheard@theresgestae.com and tell us. All entries are posted as "anonymous." And the Res Gestae reserves the right to decline postings that may result in libel liability (and LIES).

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Love,

The RG crew

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Law and Lit

The Strange Case of the Rape of the Lock

By Kevitt Adler

Love's like fire. Play with it, and you get burned. It's happened to me before. Twice, actually. First time, a dame put a .22 up to my gut and pulled the trigger. Second time, I was taking a piss and...well, you can guess the rest.

There's some things a man likes to keep private. I'm good at that. It says so on my door. Ace Bond, Private Dick. Sometimes the name gives dames the wrong impression. Sometimes I don't mind.

That day I did. It was midafternoon, a time I like to use for polishing. If I'm feeling good, I polish up my piece. If not, I polish off my flask. From the rust on the former you could tell what kind of days I'd been having.

Ca-clink. Ca-clink. That was a sound I hadn't heard in ages. Stiletto heels on a fire escape. Yeah, that's where my door is. It helps keep out the riff raff. Also everyone else. If I wanted to be a Public Dick, I'd call myself that instead. Ca-clink, ca-clink. Any minute now...

Her scream could have been the tornado siren for a small town. Hell, a large town. Dames never learn. You can't walk up a fire escape in stiletto heels.

Moments later she opened the door. Damn, I thought. My dad once told me, son, if you ever find a woman who'll walk up a five-story fire escape in stiletto heels, she's a keeper. That was before he left my mom for a hooker in Vegas. I never saw my mom wear heels again.

This dame on the other hand had quite a pair. Pink, with pale pink leggings and a pink dress. Pink everywhere. Her outfit was louder than her voice. I could hardly look at her. I pulled my hat down.

Not that she noticed. The dame was hysterical. Dames usually are.

"Have a...seat?"

She did. Turns out she needed some help. She gave me a story I'd heard a thousand times. Husband aloof. Something up. Need pictures. Think he's a rapist—

"Say that again ma'am."

Heard things. Seen things. This was something new. And I like novelty the way I like my eggs. Sunny side down.

"I'm not really that kind of dick, ma'am."

But the dame had compelling authority. Cited Lincoln, then when I looked skeptical brought up Mr. Hamilton. He didn't leave me much choice. I took the case.

That night I went out on the beat. The dame hadn't given me much to work on. Name: Baron. Occupation: hairdresser. The classy kind. When your buddy says he got his cut for \$5 from a part-time coke dealer in Manhattan—it was really this guy. And it wasn't \$5.

Not that any of that mattered, since she gave me her address. Found his car there, followed it to a dive out in the boroughs. The place stunk like dog shit somebody left in your yard and didn't pick up, in violation of a city ordinance. I'm a law-abiding citizen myself. When I violate an ordinance, it's for a good cause.

I took a look around. Damn, I thought. It was completely windowless. I'd have to get up close, and for that I'd need backup. Fortunately I take my backup with me. The .45 caliber kind.

I walked in behind my target. Heard him whisper something about a game to the bouncer, who pointed him to the back.

"I'm here for the game," I said. He nodded me the same way. Walking back I stole a glance around. The place was

long on bar and short on customers. A few huddled around a pool table. Future clients. I refrained from staring.

The back room wasn't much more friendly. Five guys were sitting around a table, just dealing out the cards. Scratch that. Two guys and three dames. I felt dizzy. What was going on here?

They looked up. You only get one shot, I thought. I walked in like I owned the place. Went up to an empty chair, sat down, glanced at the table to see what the bets were like. I could always bill it to the client. Business expense.

The man started dealing again. At that point I should have realized something was wrong. There wasn't any money on the table. Was this really what I thought it was? Were these guys such high rollers they only worked by tab? I doubted it. No, things were different here. I sensed tension in the air. Baron was to my left; next to him was the third guy, then the dames. The last dame sat to my right. She could have done to lose the newsboy hat, but not bad all the same.

The dame in the middle though was a real looker. High cheekbones, long nose. Aristocratic. The kind you'd see at court a few centuries ago. You might see her in court today, too, for different reasons.

I looked at my cards. Good ol' six handed bridge. I used to play it with my old partner, three hands vs. three hands. Sometimes he'd win, sometimes I'd lose. That's how it was with Sly. He was sly as a fox. That's why his name was Fox Sly. I was always telling him to change it to Sly Fox, but he'd just shake his head and smile, like he knew something I didn't. "Bond," he'd say, "your name's about twice as stupid as mine." Then we'd laugh and throw back some juleps.

Anyways the rubber took an hour. There were ups, there were downs. I



RG Crime Alerts

Dispatches from the UMich Dept. of Public Safety

CRIME ALERT**Time:** About 2:45 PM**Location:** Hutchins Hall 120, Property Class

Summary: An unknown lone gunman opened verbal fire on the class, injuring four loves of the law and killing a class discussion on entails. Eyewitnesses report that the suspect repeatedly and agitatedly raised his hand until finally the professor called upon him, whereupon he unleashed his barrage of self-aggrandizing bombast. By the time his third question was complete, Scrabble opponents were also receiving collateral damage.

Suspects: Suspect is a male in his mid-20s, 5'8", as white as you can get.

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 2:15 AM**Location:** Panchero's after closing

Summary: Two law students voluntarily surrendered themselves to officers on the scene, demanding that they be charged with "dressing to kill." The officers refused, whereupon the students began a legume-filled attack upon the officers, prompting officers to undertake an organized regrouping several blocks away. Suspects remain at large.

Suspects: Two females, one 6' with red hair, the other 5'8" with brown hair.

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 2:25 PM**Location:** Law Library

Summary: Every person within the law library simultaneously, discreetly, and quietly lowered their pants or skirts/dresses and touched themselves inappropriately. Thereafter, a bizarrely and disturbingly

detailed e-mail was sent out to the entire student body describing the scenario in a way that was even more uncomfortable than the act itself. Several students reported a case of the heebie-jeebies, and at least one student objected to a description of his head as "almost polished."

Suspects: Dean Baum

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 10:30 PM**Location:** Reading Room

Summary: A series of toothsome undergrads sashayed past an unidentified law student while he toiled away over a motion for a moronic pass/fail class. He didn't get to go talk to them, and that's a crime.

Suspect: Red hair, 5'11", writer of substandard satire.

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 9:30 PM**Location:** Basement of the Lawyers Club

Summary: Eyewitnesses reported encountering a bizarre ritual involving a group of 20-30 male law students in wifebeaters chanting things like "we're awesome, we're awesome." Then, simultaneously, every participant quietly and discreetly lowered his pants and began touching the person next to him inappropriately. Strangely no women were present.

Suspects: [Redacted for reasons of the utmost secrecy.]

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 11:45 AM**Location:** Law Quad

Summary: Suspect was heard grossly exaggerating his own importance and busy schedule. Onlookers report suspect telling another friend that, with a few classes' worth of reading and an exec board meeting of RBLSA (Resume Boosting Law Students Association), he was "totally swamped for the week." Apparently, this level of frenetic activity would not permit things such as: leaving the Law Quad for longer than a 2-minute period, having a positive attitude, or basic human decency. Still permitted under this overwhelming workload: spending two to three hours complaining about your overwhelming workload through Facebook, Gchat, on the phone and in person.

Suspects: This is pretty much any law student.

CRIME ALERT**Time:** 3:17 PM**Location:** Lawyers Club

Summary: A fire ensued after an unknown suspect in D block was smoking a controlled substance. As students ran for the exits, they were unfortunately completely stymied by the new recycling containers measuring some 3 feet in height. Despite the diminutive size, easy mobility, and insubstantial weight of the containers, students could not overcome their fire-hazard capabilities. 34 law students perished in the fire; 15 lives were lost, and Diane Nafranowicz necromanced 3 back from the dead.

Suspect: Recently seen micturating out of a third floor window, remains at large.

If you'd like to confess, just email rg@umich.edu.

Dean Z Is Going to Rick's!: SFF Auction Highlights

SFF, from page 2

"As an 8 year veteran of Rick's, it felt like my duty to bid on this auction item. Not only do I shamelessly love Rick's, but I have spent a significant amount of time explaining to Dean Z how Rick's really isn't as bad as everyone says, after all it is smoke-free and the toilets only start to overflow really late in the evening. It's as if SFF asked itself: what item can we design

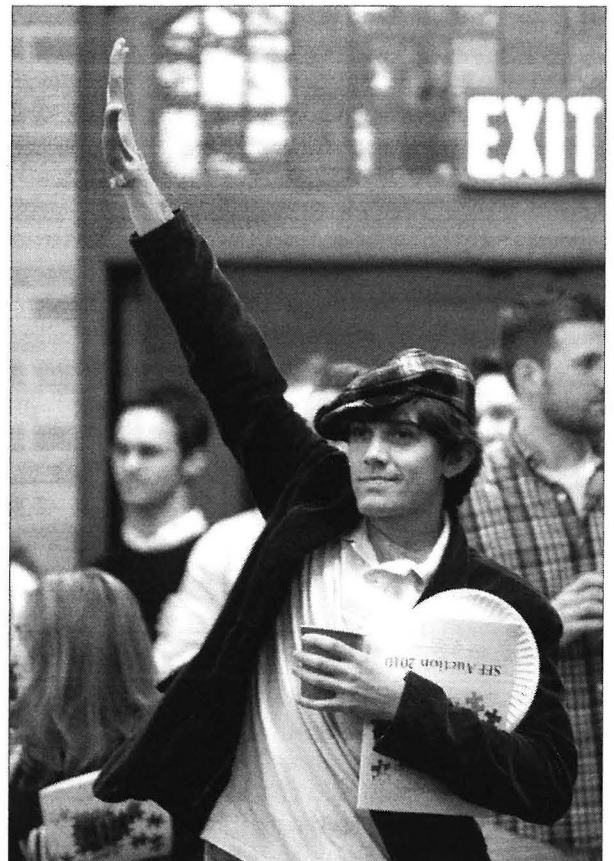
that Jane will pay wads of cash for? A night at Rick's with Dean Z!

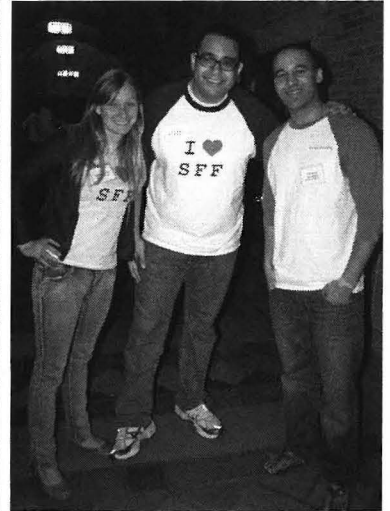
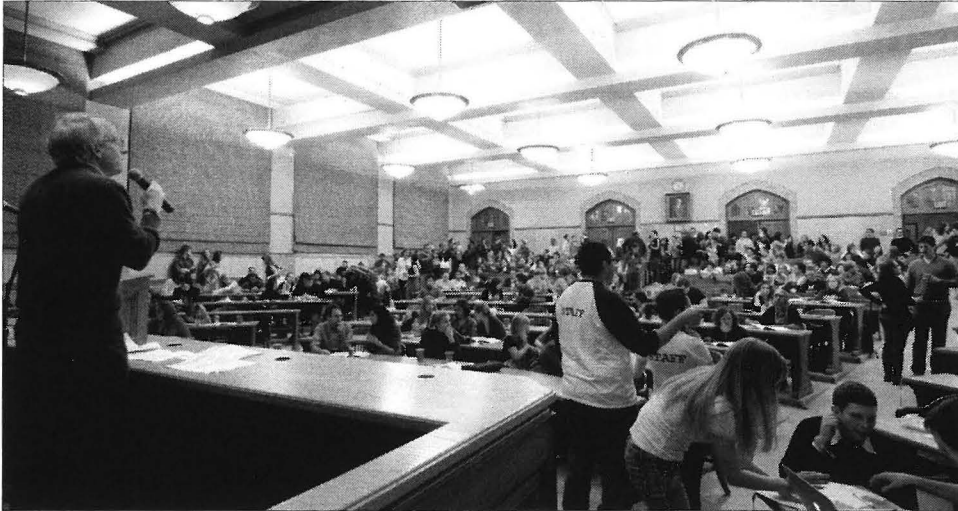
During the actual auction, I was so focused on not letting LaFond and Dean Camiker win that I wasn't completely aware of the final price. I'd be lying if I didn't admit that I experienced a moment of sheer panic when I realized I had just paid a \$1900 cover for Rick's. But let's face it, I am sure I have spent that much in my Rick's

career and this was for a good cause: giving Dean Z her first, fabulous Rick's experience complete with a sharkbowl, Miley, and some post-Rick's Backroom pizza. Oh, yeah and it helped out SFF."

Way to keep your focus on what really matters, MLaw. Contact Rooks and tell her what your favorite auction item was by emailing rg@umich.edu.

SFF Auction: We Know You Don't Remember It

*Tori Roth*



All photos pages 8-9 by Charlie Quigg, unless otherwise noted.

Tori Roth

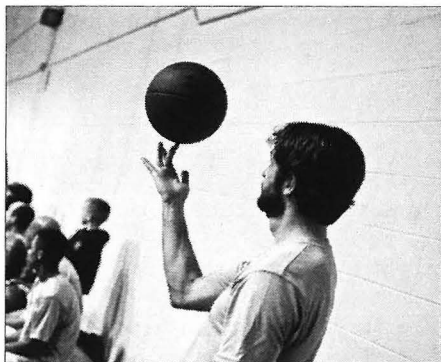




SFF Student/Faculty Basketball Game



Charlie Quigg



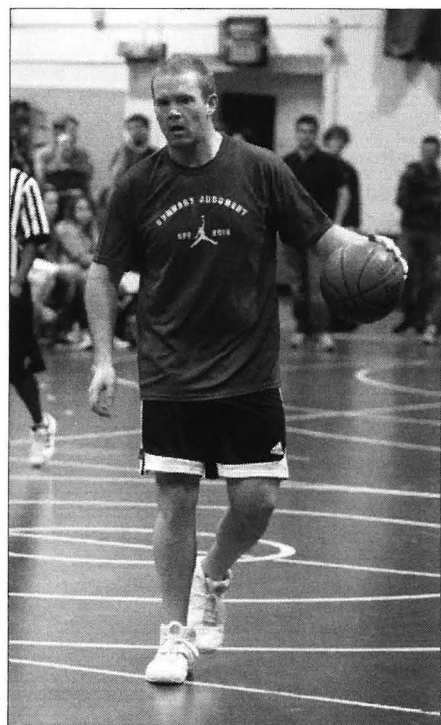
Charlie Quigg



Charlie Quigg



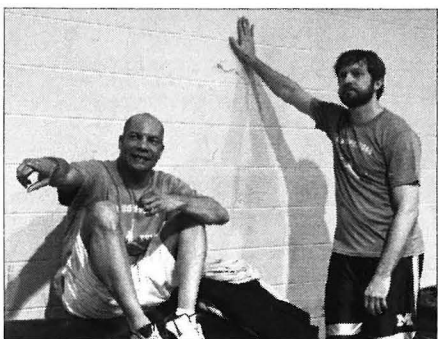
Matt Weiser



Charlie Quigg



Charlie Quigg



Matt Weiser



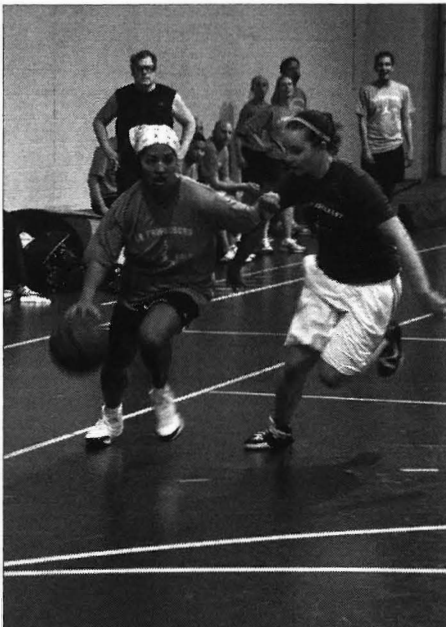
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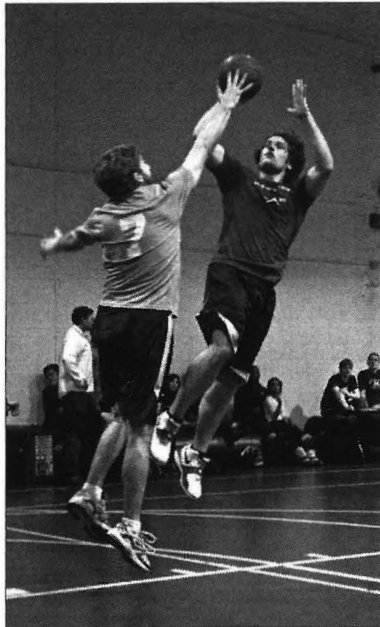
Matt Weiser



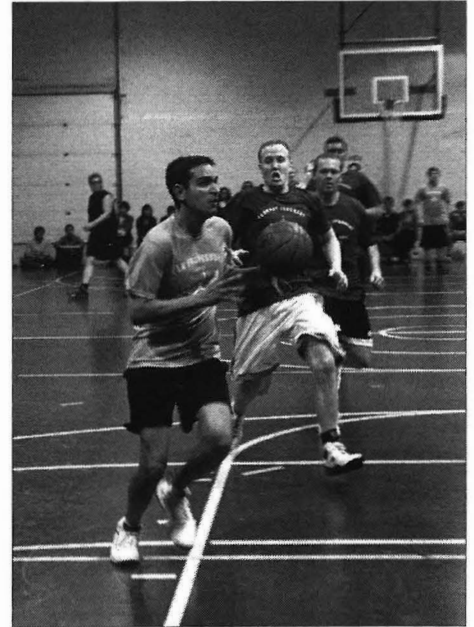
Charlie Quigg



Matt Weiser



Matt Weiser



Matt Weiser



Charlie Quigg



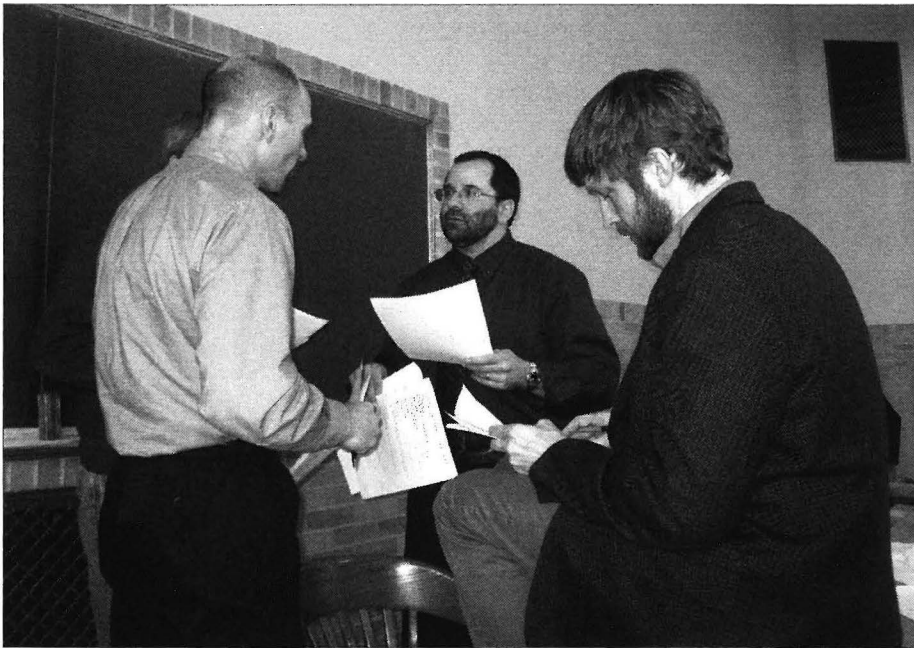
Matt Weiser

LSSS' First Annual Facial Hair Competition!



The Judges: Profs. Howson, Pritchard, Logue, and Dean Baum.

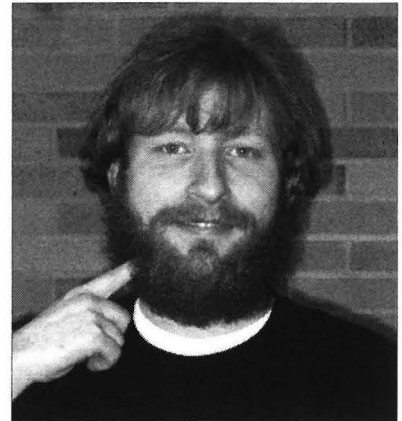
All photos by Matt Weiser



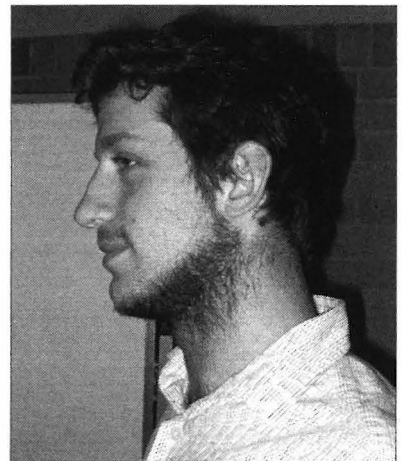
Assessing facial hair is serious business.



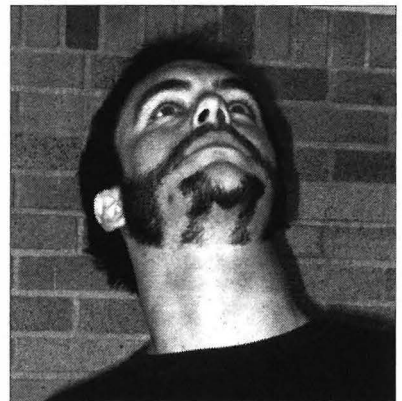
The winners with runners-up Matt McHale and Anthony Hazkial.



Best Beard: Jim Schleicher.



People's Choice: Maxwell Kosman.



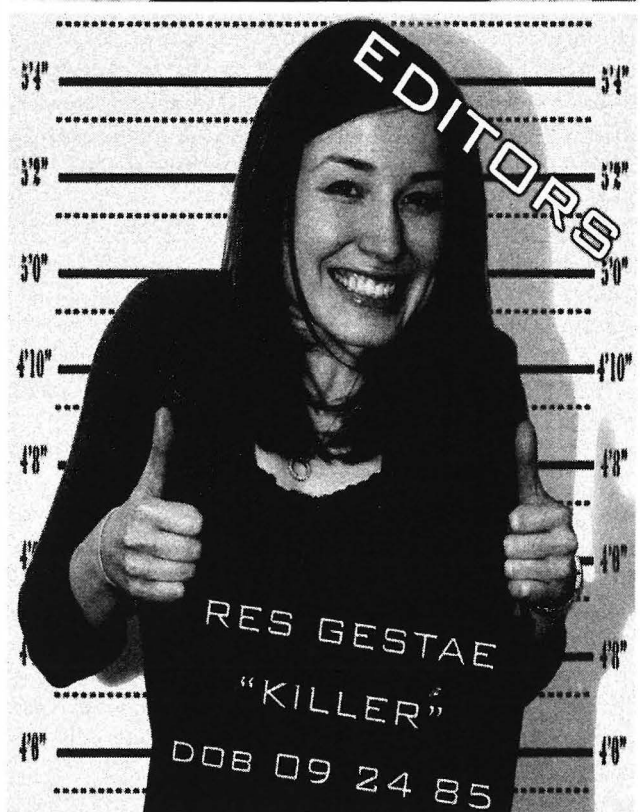
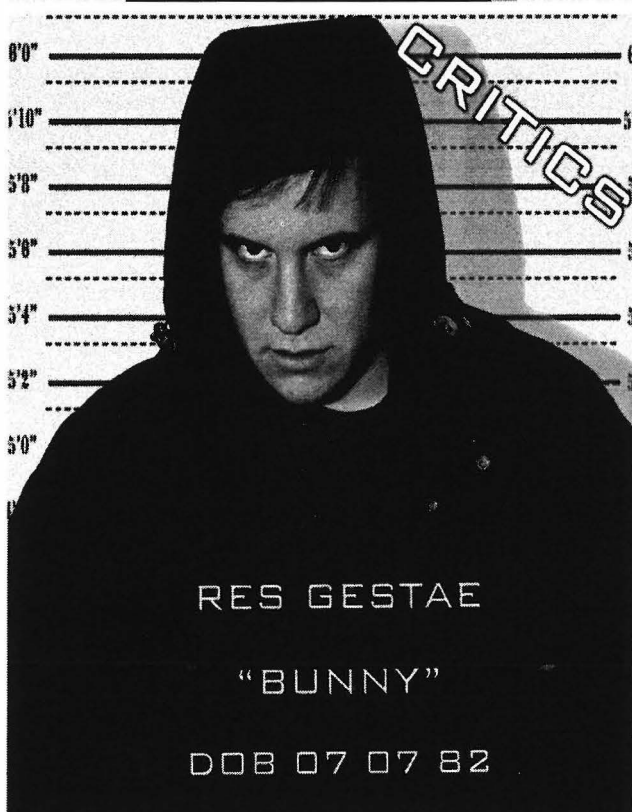
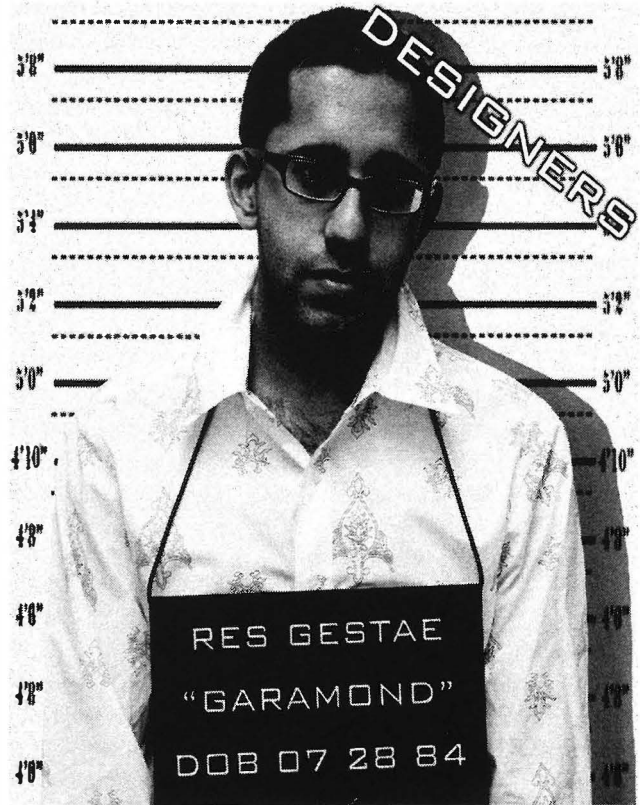
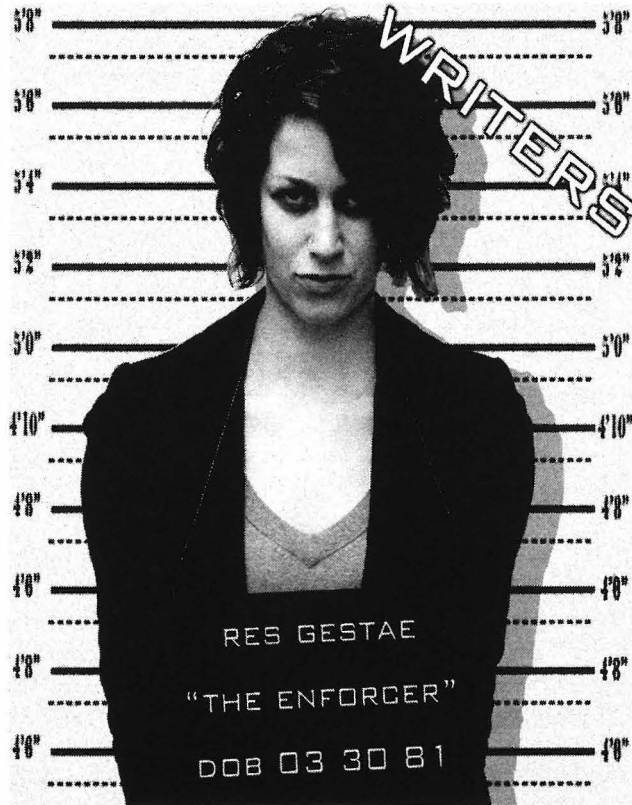
Best Goatee: Theo Arnold.



Best Mustache: Brittlynn Hall.

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The Ex-Pat Experience

Hooked on A Healing

By Patrick Barry

In the novel *The Magic Mountain* by Thomas Mann, a young German named Hans Castorp sets out to visit his sick cousin in a mysterious mountainous sanatorium perched high among the Swiss Alps. Castorp plans to stay for 3 weeks. Just enough time to call on his cousin, breathe some fine mountain air, and return relaxed and refreshed to his everyday concerns and duties. However, seven years later Castorp still finds himself at the sanatorium, his departure date extended indefinitely, his status as “merely a visitor” changed into full-fledged “patient.” The mountain, it seems, holds this strange, seductive power that enchants its guests, convincing them of the merits—indeed the necessity—of the special “treatment” offered inside.

A similar thing, I think, could be said of the physical therapy suite in the University Health Service Building. Much like Mann’s mountain, the suite has an uncanny ability to turn casual visitors into (student) life-long members.

There is just something so comforting, even addicting, about those stretching tables and medicine balls and custom-fitting orthotics. Rare are the students who, given access to this rehabilitation wonderland (it takes a referral), can keep their visits to a brief, periodic minimum. Once you spend a little time in the physical therapy suite, as I discovered while being treated for a ruptured patella, it is difficult not to spend a lot of time in the physical

therapy suite. Days become weeks that become months that become “Should I really be wearing warm-up pants or would a hospital gown be more appropriate?” Pre-class stretching sessions are followed by post-class strengthening sessions. The most severe cases can lead to instead-of-class “stim” sessions, where wonderfully warm bits of electricity massage rebuild your injured area. It is like what being tazed would feel like if being tazed felt really, really good.

Even at my most addicted, I avoided the instead-of-class route. But there were times when I thought to myself, You know, my mind is stimulated enough. But my patella...that could use a few more jolts.

Part of this, of course, had to do with having a legitimate injury which in turn required legitimate treatment. But only a small part. A larger part had to do with the peculiar and powerful charm of the physical therapy suite itself. Maybe it was the smell from all those open Flex-All containers. Maybe it was the allure of receiving something the therapists call “ultra-sound” even though you are not pregnant. But something certainly got me hooked, persuading me with each visit to reduce the time before my next one.

It didn’t help that being surrounded by other patients with other ailments starts to plant ideas, or rather injuries, in your head. Seeing the business student next to me rehabilitate her quadricep I began

to think, completely without foundation, that I too I felt a little high thigh soreness. Within seconds, I justified that soreness. I must have tweaked it on the day I ruptured my patella, I thought to myself. Better set up another appointment before it gets worse.

From justification it was only a small, hypochondriac jump to exaggeration. This quad thing was not only serious enough to require treatment—it had been that way for awhile, an old college injury, a chronic affliction, something that “always gives me trouble.” The fabrication continued. By the end of the week, I, to reinforce and in large part reinvent my ailment, had extended its history to forever. “Oh yeah, it’s an old womb injury. Terrible, just terrible. Out of nowhere, I was slide tackled by an umbilical cord.”

Fortunately for me, the end of the term was just the Mann-ian thunderclap I needed to come out of my treatment trance. Clean for close to two and a half months now, I don’t let myself go anywhere near the place. If I need to ice, I buy frozen peas. Others though, haven’t been so lucky. Each day, it seems, I see more and more students head to the suite for their Thera-band fix. A few, I have noticed on my walks through the quad, have even spiraled down to the most powerful and dangerous treatment of all: crutches. If you see one of your friends sporting a pair, it might be time for an intervention.

Do you have a secret love for Death in Venice? Email rg@umich.edu.

IP Moot Court Team Places First at Regionals

IP MOOT, from page 1

of the case twice. They argued against teams from Loyola University Chicago School of Law, Valparaiso School of Law, and the University of Akron School of Law. In the final round, they argued against Akron to move on to the upcoming National competition. In addition to being fantastic orators, their exemplary writing talents were also honored by winning the Best Appellant Brief submitted at the competition.

While many of the teams at this competition received regular coaching from professors and are awarded school credit for their participation, the Michigan team competed on their own time and merit. Before the big national competition, however, Luong and Wang will practice their oral arguments in front of professors and local attorneys.

The team also owes special thanks to Dean Gregory, who has marshaled MLaw

support for the team and approved funding to help pay for the team’s travel and accommodations in D.C.

If you spot Barry or Grace in the halls in the next few weeks, give them a high-five for this great accomplishment. And luckily for all of you Kansas and Kentucky fans, you now have a new team to root for—and a local team at that.

Teach Amy patent law: email rg@umich.edu.



Save Yourself

The Joyous Sound of Music

SAVE YOURSELF, from page 5

For those of you with kids, Oz's Music has a drum circle and an open stage just so kids can perform in a relaxed environment.

Guitar Center

39145 Ford Road, Canton Township

734.844.0600

www.guitarcenter.com

If you want to make an adventure out of instrument shopping, head into Canton and hit up the Guitar Center. A big chain with a lot of storefront, it keeps the most instruments in stock and has various areas to try before you buy. The staff is friendly, fun, and flirty, and though some are more knowledgeable about different instruments than others, they'll track down someone who can answer your question. Occasionally they're a little too attentive, but have a good balance between trying to make a commission and simply talking music. If you're lucky, you'll get to see a fog and light show in the DJ light display room, which is something to see.

Buyers Beware: I recommend you stay far away from Herb David Guitar Studio. Though their stock is okay, women, especially women interested in guitars, are made to feel rather unwelcome and disrespected.

So now you've got the instrument but have no idea where to begin. There are a few options for lessons, including Music Go Round and Oz's Music as previously mentioned, but the one I recommend most is the Ann Arbor Music Center.

Ann Arbor Music Center

312 South Ashley, Ann Arbor

734.665.0375

a2musiccenter.com

You have a couple options for classes. They offer private lessons tailored to what you want to learn, much like you'd find anywhere, but they also offer Rock Band School, which allows you to apply the skills you learn in your private lessons to

an actual band with which you also put on several performances throughout the year. You'll learn not only how to play together as a group, but the ins and outs of song arrangement, audience interaction, and the technical aspects that go into each performance. It's a really fun way to work with other Music Center students while learning to play and perform.

If, after your lessons, you feel confident enough to take the stage on your own and decide to write your own songs, Oz's Music offers a songwriter's open mic night the first Tuesday of every month at 7:30 p.m.

The Ark, 316 South Main Street, sometimes does a Student Songwriter Series, which allows University of Michigan students to submit original music demos and compete to perform in a live performance showcase at the University of Michigan Museum of Art and at The Ark. The Ark also offers Open Stage nights on select Wednesdays throughout the year, when they'll choose fifteen performers to play, via random draw.

If you don't want to learn to play, but do want to enjoy live music, The Ark is considered one of the best places to go in Ann Arbor and has a variety of shows each month. Other local venues include Blind Pig, 208 North First Street, and the Kerrytown Concert House.

For those who just want to sing, Blind Pig also does karaoke nights, as does Colonial Lanes, 1950 South Industrial. If you want the joy of singing without the strangers watching you, check out Blue Karaoke, 404 West Liberty Street, where you can rent rooms by the hours (for singing, get your minds out of the gutter) and bring in your own food and drink, or Friends Karaoke, 621 Church Street.

Whatever you decide, enjoy the gorgeous weather while it lasts, get out of your homes and the library, and take some time to rock.

Our own aspiring rock star, Carla can be reached at rg@umich.edu.

Law and Lit

The Strange Case of the Rape of the Lock

LAW AND LIT, from page 6

admit, I kind of enjoyed playing. Brought back memories. But Baron, he was really into it. When we lost a trick he'd curse like a drunken sailor on meth; when we won he'd look like he wanted to jump on the table and do the Charleston. I could see it in his eyes.

Other than that there wasn't any talking. The dames didn't celebrate when they won; they didn't cry when they lost. It was a good game, and closer than a coat and hanger, but we won in the end. I wondered what would happen next.

I didn't wonder for long. Baron stood up. "Belinda." Desire burned in his eyes like a really hot fire. The dame in the center, for once, looked afraid.

"Don't. We can...next time..." She stood. Baron blocked the door. The other dames, along with Baron's friend, stayed still. All eyes were on the two of them.

"Now." Baron approached. She retreated to a corner. Was I going to let this happen? I pulled out my camera.

A flash of metal—he's got a knife—he lunged—I reach for my gun—and it was over. Baron stood flushed in triumph. In one hand, a pair of shears; in the other, a lock of Belinda's hair.

I made a discreet exit. The next day I'd call up the client, say I was dropping the case. What else could I do? I had a picture, but even I hardly believed it. Looking back I wonder what Sly would say.

Love's like fire, he'd drawl. Play with it and you get burned.

Prove you got all these literary references by emailing rg@umich.edu.



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